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Allegiances

[image]

S H A D O W C L A N

leader Rowanstar- ginger tom

Deputy Sherwfoot- grey she-cat with black toes

Medicine cat Mintleaf- spiky-furred light grey she-cat
Apprentice, Mottlecloud- small mottled tom

Warriors
Crowfrost- black-and-white tom
Ivytail- tortoiseshell she-cat
Dewsky- grey she-cat
Sparrowflight- tabby tom
Foxcatcher- dark reddish tom
Kinkfur- tabby she-cat with long fur that sticks out at angles
Olivenose- tortoiseshell she-cat
Dawnpelt- creme furred she-cat
Ferretclaw- creme-and-grey tom
Starlingwing- ginger tom
Pinenose- elderly black she-cat

Apprentices
Troutpaw- light brown tom
Scorchpaw- pure black she-cat with grey chest

Queens
Snowbird- elderly pure white she-cat (nursing Ferretclaw's kits, Maplekit, black she-cat with white toes, Frostkit, dark grey tom, Shallowkit- white tom, Mumblekit, clumsy creme-and-white tom)
Darkstep- black she-cat (expecting Sparrowflight's kits)

Elders
Tigerheart- dark brown tabby tom

Oakfur- small brown tom, oldest cat in the Clan

R I V E R C L A N

leader Reedstar- black tom

Deputy Curlstream- golden she-cat

Medicine cat Willowshine- elderly grey tabby she-cat
Apprentice, Fishpaw (dark grey tabby tom)

Warriors
Icestorm- pure white she-cat with amber eyes
Podstripe- brown tom
Mallownose- light brown tabby tom
Apprentice, Kestrelpaw
Cloudpelt- white she-cat
Heronflight- light brown tabby tom
Silverfoot- silver tom
Apprentice, Leafpaw
Petalfur- grey-and-white she-cat
Rushtail- light brown tabby she-cat

Apprentices
Kestrelpaw- tortoiseshell she-cat
Leappaw- black tom with white flecks

Queens
Waterstep- blue-grey she-cat (nursing Podstripe's kits, Toadkit, brown tom, Lilackit, ginger-and-brown she-cat)
Duskfur- elderly brown tabby she-cat (expecting Grasspelt's kits)

Elders
Grasspelt- light brown tom
Hollowflight- dark brown tom

T H U N D E R C L A N

Leader Bramblestar- dark brown tabby tom

Deputy Berrynose- creme colored tom

Medicine cat Jayfeather- grey tabby tom with blind blue eyes
Apprentice Stumppaw (darker grey she-cat)

Warriors
Cherryfall- ginger she-cat
Molewhisker- brown and creme tom
Foxleap- reddish tabby tom
Icecloud- pure white she-cat
Rosepetal- dark creme she-cat
Ivypool- silver-and-white tabby she-cat with dark blue eyes
Amberlight- grey and white she-cat
Snowwatcher- white tom
Thornclaw- golden tabby tom

Apprentices
Marigoldpaw- white she-cat with golden tabby patches
Drift- dark brown tom, previous loner
Sharp- black tom, pervious loner

Queens
Hazeltail- grey-and-white she-cat (nursing Beaverkit, dark brown tom with three legs)

Elders
Toadstep- black and white tom with bad eyesight
Cinderheart- grey tabby she-cat

W I N D C L A N

Leader Ashstar- grey she-cat

Deputy Crowfeather- very dark grey tom

Medicine cat Kestrelflight- mottled tom
Apprentice, Rabbitpaw (golden-ginger tom)

Warriors
Weaselfur- ginger tom with white paws
Harespring- brown-and-white tom
Emberfoot- grey tom with two black paws
Sedgewhisker- light brown tabby she-cat

Boulderfur- large pale grey tom
Lightingtail- tabby and white tom
Crouchskip- black tom
Greenstripe- light brown tom

Apprentices
Greypaw- long-haired grey she-cat
Swiftpaw- dark golden tom

Queens
Mintcloud- darkish grey she-cat (expecting Crouchskip's kits)
Furzepelt- grey-and-white she-cat (nursing Boulderfur's kits, Poolkit, light grey she-cat, Featherkit, dark grey tom, Olivekit, white and tortoiseshell she-cat, Ferretkit, pale grey tom)

Elders
Heathertail- light brown tabby she-cat
Larkwhisker- grey she-cat
Whiskernose- light brown tom

Chapter 1

Foxpaw POV

I was walking in the brisk air of leaf-fall, out of my den. Rowanstar waited on the Leader's Perch- a low branch on a pine tree that he stood on, only for Clan meetings. His gingery figure was tall, but it seemed old, ragged and worn out. I smelled Scorchpaw approaching me quickly and turned my head. This would be perfect. I rubbed my cheek lovingly against hers.

Scorchpaw- being 12 moons old- was a decent she-cat. Strong, good fighter and the kind of she-cat who will do anything for power. The only reason I act as if I love her is simply because I want to make Shrewfoot jealous. It seems dirty, but I know I have to make her love me before Crowfrost does. What a frog-brain-

you may be wondering why I like the deputy when I'm an apprentice. Well, you see our last deputy died soon after Rowanstar became leader, so Shrewfoot was basically the only option to fill the deputy's paws because no one had been made a warrior in a long time, while Shrewfoot was about 13 moons old.

Scorchpaw's eyes were filled with excitement, this was hers and mine warrior ceremony. I know she planned on having kits soon after we became a warriors. I would rub it in Shrewfoot's face, then. I might even name one Shrewkit, and one Footkit.

Rowanstar started speaking, "Scorchpaw, Foxpaw, today you bravely fought a ThunderClan warrior who chased a mouse over to our territory. Your mentors has approved of your training and abilities as an apprentice, so I now ask you, do you promise on the oath of StarClan that you will stay loyal and honest to ShadowClan for as long as live?" I could sense a broad smile of satisfaction on her face as we agreed.

"Then, I give your warrior names: from this day forward you will be named Scorchshade- from your dark fur- and Foxcatcher- for how

you caught that mouse-brained ThunderClan warrior." My eyes widened. ***Foxcatcher***? What kind of stupid name was **that**?! They all cheered the name with a sort of joy. I nudged her in front of my true love and licked her ears even though I was mad. I needed to show Shrewfoot that I have **no** interest in her. I felt relieved- now she can have kits I can rub it in front of Sherwfoots face. "If now is not a good time to feast- then we never shall!" Rowanstar called.

I took a vole and shared it with Scorchshade. I kept an eye on the gorgeous deputy while my thought-to-be love started telling some story about how we're going to have kits... I don't know I didn't really listen. After a little bit, I saw a black and white tom rap his tail around Shrewfoot.

Anger bubbled up inside if me- who did he think he was? Taking my she-cat! I marched up, "Where are you going?" She asked me, "Tell your story to a rock for all I care" I say and leave. I cross the clearing with out hesitation or regret. Crowfrost looks up when I stand by him.

"Yes?" He asked, I saw a hint of anger in his eyes. "We should hunt," I mew, thinking quickly, "the fresh-kill pile is almost out." He sighs and follows me out. When we reach the pine trees, I pretend as if I'm intending to hunt. Crowfrost heads off towards the lake. I follow him silently.

His scent is becoming very fresh, so I look up. The tom is stalking something. O' well, to bad for him. I sprig up and land on his back, sending his almost-fresh-kill scurrying off, under a lump of pine needles. I tug on his scruff and pull his so his belly exposed. The tom hissed with furry and frustration, but most of all, surprise. He had no idea I was tagging along.

His claws slashed my nose a I only ducked out of grasp. "No wonder it took you so long to realize that this was going to happen- your no more stronger ***or*** smarter than a kit!" I sneered, taking all my pain, love and lying out on him. He started raking my stomach- but that battle move was so commonly used, I was prepared for it.

I leaped off of him and in the time he was confused, I slid behind his head and placed my paw on his throat. I decided to gamble his

life- but, of course, I will kill him tonight.

"Give me a reason for me not to kill you," I began calmly and coolly, as if this was what I did everyday. His eyes were filled with fear, then anger and regret. "You just made a promise, an ***oath***, to StarClan to stay loyal to ShadowClan for as long as you live!"
He pleaded desperately. I only sighed, "Ha! Like that means anything! Your just another poisoned rat!" I spat.
"Trad-" my claws sliced through the soft skin before he could say anything. His eyes stared into nothingness. His body was limp. His lungs breathed out their last breath.

I chuckled. How funny was death- a silly little thing to play with, wasn't it.

I grabbed him by his scruff and dragged him down to the shore. I padded onto the sandy grass and waded into the clear water. It was icy cold- but so was death so I would just have to get over it. I splashed out to almost the middle of the lake before dropping the dead weight.
Haha, dead weight.

When I returned to land, I was sopping wet and cold. I coughed up a load of water before catching my breath. I shook my fur, flinging water everywhere, then washed my fur. I padded back into the forest and rolled around in pine nettles. I took some in my mouth- as pokey as they were- and rubbed then all over the spot where it wreaked of death.

I took my sweet time patching up all evidence of me killing Crowfrost. As I was making my way back to camp I decided to say I saw a hawk take him and there was nothing I could do. When I came back, I was moonhigh and the guard, Ivytail, asked me where I had been. I told the made-up story she seemed shocked at first, then rushed off to tell Rowanstar.

I went to the warriors den and whispered to Scorchshade all of what happened. The fake side, of course. She was frightened, along with a few other warriors who had grumpily awoken and listened in.

I ended with, "I looked over my shoulder and he was getting scooped up but a huge hawk. I couldn't do anything to save him." I lowered my head so my eyes, nose and mouth were hidden but the looming shadows. A smile formed inside of me. I loved this feeling. The rush of excitement, the anticipation. It was all so beautiful.

Rowanstar called another meeting and everyone- except for the cats that already knew my lie- grumbled and went out into the frozen night.

"Foxcatcher went to hunt earlier with Crowfrost," he paused, letting cats settle. My mind started to drift listening to his plain, boring, repetitive voice. I need vengeance. He should pay for giving me such a hideous name. He- and everyone else- should know what power I have in my paws. I could kill that beast in about 8 blows. But then ***Shrewfoot*** would become leader.

She would have to be dispose of- despite my feelings. I blinked, what was I thinking? Killing Shrewfoot? No, never. Maybe we'll just compromise that if she doesn't let me home leader then... I'll kill..

I shook myself again, ***focus***, I thought and began to listen to Rowanstar, "... Swooped up by a large hawk. Foxcatcher could do nothing to save him." I got a few glares, some sad glances. Nothing you wouldn't expect.

Kestrelflight POV

I walked next to a gingery tom. The usual wind ruffled our thickening pelts, while the full moon was half way till it was full. Heather stroked our legs, it's purple-grey tops made me itchy. Beneath us, cold white sand that was covered in grass and pebbles lay. Little waves lapped the shore as we headed closer to the tall ash trees.

"How much longer?" Rabbitpaw whined. I still don't understand how I got ***him*** as my apprentice. I sighed. I had told the tom two seconds ago.
"Close."
"How close?"
"Close."

"Kestrelflight!" I didn't answer.

Soon, we were at a dark, yet reflective, pool of water. Streaming next to us was a shaky line of water. I sat down and looked at my wavy refection for a moment. Suddenly, blackness covered my vision in a flash.

I opened my eyes to a red blob on Highrock, with many other colored blobs laying on the ground. I got the sense that-

Blackness covered my vision again and I was back to reality.

"Kestrelflight! What are doing?! Run!"

I flashed around, and that's when I saw it- him.

Chapter Two

Foxcatcher POV

I waited for a moment outside the hard, dark rock. There was a rustling and a tall, broad ginger tom stepped out. "Rowanstar." I started, I did not expect the leader to come out in chilly weather, but to call me into his closed den.

"Yes, Foxcatcher?" His green eyes caught my breath, they looked tired and overcome with dread and fear. I snapped myself out of it and realized I hadn't said anything for a long, awkward few moments, "Let's go inside your den, it's too cold to stand outside." I pad past into the damp and warm den.

He seemed hesitant and took a look at the camp before entering his own den. What is it with this leader today? I thought. Seeing a good opportunity to kill-
No, why was my mind set this? Killing our worthy-
But he's so vulnerable. He let those nasty ThunderClan warriors slip by our territ-
No. I made a oath, a vow to be-
That means nothing, nothing! It's as worthless as Rowanstar himself! Useless!

As my thoughts went back and fourth like this, I settled and tried to ignore them.

"A few suns ago, you must recall, a mouse-brained, badger-hearted ThunderClan warrior slipped by your knowledge of spotting. They should pay," I rudely got interrupted by the ginger tom. "I see where this is going. You want me to launch an attack."

I hated being predictable. "Yes. But for good reason." Those green eyes never seemed to falter. Steady. Knowing. Royal. I hated it, "It's soon leaf-bare and we can't afford any rivals towards other Clans." He explained. "But that's exactly why we should start a battle. We can't afford any prey lost." I was always, at least, two paw steps

ahead of him. The tom seemed to ponder the idea before giving me his answer.

The answer that I had to use 'plan B' for.

Cinderpelts Note: yeah, yeah. I know, I haven't posted a new chapy for awhile, sorry about that. Some of my faraway relatives are visiting and I've been busy doing this Minecraft thing, a lot. I'll try and write more, but cya for now!

Chapter Three

Maplekit (ShadowClan) POV

I sat, with my tail curled around my paws, licking Shallowkit's white scruff fur. I felt an object approaching and bounced forward. Mumblekit tripped over himself in surprise and tumbled to the soft nursery grass.

I squinted at the suspicious tom. He got to his paws and shied away. What a weird cat, he was. I heard a call, a broad call, coming from the clearing. Our mother, Snowbird, perked her ears and padded out with her tail pushing us out of the little cave of ferns and bracken.

Snowbird sat alert as Rowanstar began to speak. I decided to listen in too, "I have decided, to show our fearlessness, bravery and pride to be ShadowClan, to attack ThunderClan." I was confused, why should we attack? The rest of everyone just seemed to look at each other for a moment before Shrewfoot spoke up.

"Rowanstar, I must ask, why? Because Snowwatcher crossed our border. Yes, all of ThunderClan is mouse-brained, but going in-" "Silence, Shrewfoot!" He ordered. The grey she-cat seemed to be disgusted by the he was treating her. I didn't see wrong in Rowanstar's doings. ***She*** was not the leader. ***She*** does not decide the decisions. And ***she*** should have no right to smart mouth Rowanstar.

I fluffed out my chest and squinted my green eyes at her. She was looking down at the grass in embarrassment like a little kit.
Oof!
I looked up to see Mumblekit's face. I rolled over, then I swatted him on his ear. "Stupid flea-brain!" I hissed. Snowbird gave us the stop-messing-around-your-making-a-scene and-watch-your-langue-Maplekit look.

I sat up and continued listening to Rowanstar, "All the apprentices and warriors will be coming to the battle, in one big group" He

looked at Foxcatcher for a moment before a grouchy elder that always mutters words and phrases like "sweet.. Sweet.. How sweet you were.." And "How did I let you go... How did they know...?" And whenever a bird flew by, "Pretty dove bird's wing" spoke up.

"I've had experience in battle, and I know it's not smart to go one huge group!"
"Yes, Rowanstar it makes no sense!"
"Why are we evening attacking ThunderClan?!" I just watched as his face got madder and madder. Suddenly, a large white paw cut off what everyone said when it swept me into the fern cave again. I gave a ***huft*** noise.

How come all us kits never got to see any action?

Chapter Four

Foxcatcher POV

This is how I like it. My warriors- I mean, cough, cough- Rowanstar's warriors, fighting ThunderClan. Fearlessly. Ruthlessly. Mercilessly. Destroying the nursery, which by the way was a tunnel in the stone wall. The entrance was covered with ferns, bracken, wild flowers and weeds, I think it also blocked any rain. In side the tunnel was a small cave will moss beds, an expecting ginger queen and nursing queen with a three-legged kit. He was large for a kit.

I know so much about the nursery because I was the destroyer. All the pitiful, unskilled ThunderClan tree-brains were too busy fighting ***my*** intelligent, sharp-clawed warriors. Even the two queens were forced to fight. See, Rowanstar. My plans do succeed great fox-lengths past your's. Now, I just need get the credit. Because, you clearly can't have a cheater in this game if the cheater isn't me.

Anyways, I was walking out of nursery after I just majorly hurt that three-legged kit. Why didn't I kill him, you may ask? Because it's all part of plan-B. His mother and father where just to busy dealing with other Clan problems to help him.

I saw Shrewfoot battling two warriors, an old golden tabby, who didn't look like would... Last.. Much longer, and a brown-and-creme tom. I leaped on the brown one with my claws unsheathed and my ears back with a blood-hungry roar.

Shrewfoot looked surprised as I battled him to the ground and started to ruthlessly claw his soft bleed skin. The tom yelped in pain and I saw out of the corner of my eye, Shrewfoot start to take on the golden tabby.

In that split moment I was distracted, my opponent started to claw my ear. I hissed, "Stupid cat!" And I slid my claws under his shoulders and threw him over to my left and by doing so, scratching his shoulders.

I looked at everything for a moment, at the battling cats. Just then I smelled a strong scent of herbs. It was coming from a group of battling cats under a large ledge. I bolted at them head first.

An object Hid my side and I tumbled over as a light brown belly few over me. It was hard to identify him by scent, because he was covered in all sorts of herbs. But I guessed Troutpaw, since he's our only apprentice.

I then realized he must be destroying medicine supplies like I asked. Well, 'Rowanstar' asked, I suppose, but I asked him. Whatever.

Then, a dark grey pelt flew over me. I didn't know who that was. It might be the medicine cat, but I had always heard that their medicine cat, Jaywing or Robin something, was light grey- and tabby.

I threw myself over, onto my paws and started to chase the grey tail...

A/N hay, so, this chapy was getting long so its get gonna end in the middle here. So, hope you've enjoyed the book so far and sorry for the little 'break I had. I had no time to write cause my cousin and my grandparents where here. :)

Chapter Five

Foxcatcher POV

I paused, wondering why I was chasing the grey cat. The **medicine** den was unguarded. I raced back to the cave, there was two sets of cats fighting. I spotted Ivytail swatting a ThunderClan she-cat, and Ferretclaw ***cowardly*** taking on a smaller creme tom, who surprising looked tough for ThunderClan.

I sprinted into the cave unnoticed and started tearing up all the leaves and berries. I smelled an enemy cat coming and turned to pounce on it, but I froze. His eyes captured me. They were unfocused, blue, misty...

I snapped myself out of it and blindly jumped at him, but his claws met my face and everything seemed to be in slow motion. I saw his claws slid up my cheek and catch on my right ear, while the other paw hit my left shoulder and just skimmed my skin.

We hit heads hard as my ear began to feel numb and my head felt like it was too small for everything inside and it was going to burst. I fell down heavy on my paws I and looked back at the tom. This must be the medicine cat, I thought as I saw his slick silvery grey fur with darker stripes, I also noticed that my claws must have met the left side of his chest, shoulder and side.

There was red blood foaming up in the scratches and I smiled. Then, I padded out into the mess of cats. Now that ShadowClan seemed to be taking over, or winning I should say, ThunderClan, I could leave. I quickly padded towards to entrance but a gingery she-cat came to me.

I hissed and she flattened her ears. I unsheathed my claws and ran them across her eyes quickly, then toppled her over with a push. The she-cat flopped on her back and I leaped on top of her and started clawing her eyes. I was quick to the job and began heading towards the entrance. I realized then, that I might had blinded her

and that she had nipped my nose a few times.

I made it out, this time and rushed pass all the weird, tall trees. There were bushes and leaves everywhere with little fallen logs, twisted weeds and plants or pine trees. It was odd. Different. Disturbing.

Still, I creeped along. I wasn't going back to ShadowClan camp, only a dumb cat would do that, but I was going to a different Clan. I believe WindClan. And since it was almost dark, I should hurry up, it's always easier to travel in light, rather than in dark.

Chapter Six

I sniffed the chilly air, yes, this is where I want to be. The scent of rabbits, heather, wind and grass surrounded me. WindClan. I squinted my eyes and tried to site their camp.
I kept padding forward, hoping I was traveling in the general area. This territory was even weirder than ThunderClans. It saw so windy, hence their name I guess, and so open with no trees. I had no idea that it would like **this**. Then, I spotted something different. I was shinny and glistened in the moonlight, a stream.

I shook my head and took a few steps back, then sprinted at the stream. I leaped.

My claws caught on the edge and I managed to hull myself up onto the long grass. My shoulder throbbed, but I just ironed it. I peered over at a section where two hill meet, with some flatness in between. I also spotted a patch of bushes and other shrubbery. Could that be their camp? Probably. I mean, where else could it be? Nowhere. So, it was worth checking out so I started towards the hills.

***

I had finally reached the top of the hill, and I started towards what I thought was the entrance. I heard a voice, and froze, and then continued when it stopped. I came in the eyesight of whoever was guarding camp, and heard a "Who's there!? Who are you?!" I kept my cool, knowing they'd smell the ShadowClan on me.

"Please, I from ShadowClan-" I was speaking like a tired, sick old cat hoping they'd take pity on me, but they interrupted. "Your ShadowClan! Why should we trust you!" The second cat hissed. I stumbled and thought quickly, "My leader has drawn the whole Clan into battle against ThunderClan. It's vicious. He says we have to destroy the 'kittypet Clan'... Please, he's going to kill your Clan if you don't do something..."

I pleaded helplessly. They stared at each other before forming an answer. "We still don't believe you." Said the second cat. I growled under my breath. "Please, just tell your leader... So you can only blame yourselves if you go down in blood and flames.."

I started to walk away. "Wait, are you hurt, like bad?" I flashed around and lied right through my teeth.
"Yes, I can barely walk."
"Hmm... I suppose we could treat you will some type of herb.. Just so you don't feel to much pain when you travel home.."
"But, Weaselfur!" The second cat, you I then realized was an apprentice guessing by her comically small figure.
"That's totally not right!" She whined, what a kit.
"Greypaw, I am the a warrior, and your apprentice, therefore you will listen to me. Now, go get Kestrelflight and Rabbitpaw." He ordered and with a loud huff she dashed off in camp.

I smirked under my breath, this was going to really interesting, really fast

Chapter Seven

Foxcatcher POV

I walked back the same way I came. It was just past midnight, as I was trekking through the usual and unknown forest. I had failed when their medicine cat refused to treat me. It was a shame. Now I would have to do the same thing I did to Rowanstar ***again***. I thought of what I could do to still proceed my ultimate plan.

If ***I*** couldn't go to WindClan, then someone else would. Someone trusted. And no one was worth trusting. But, if you give them something... Something they value, then, maybe. What did ShadowClan warriors value? Loyalty? Acceptation from their Clan? Victory? All of them. Victory, is what I would focus on. Hopefully Rowanstar had ShadowClan retreated when he didn't see me. I hope so- even though it wasn't originally part of my plan to loose the battle, that's what I want- what I need- right now.

"Please," I say, taking generally to the Dark Forest, "Have them lost that battle."

Scorchshade POV

I tiredly walked to the fresh-kill pile. I had been up all night, not being able to fall into a comfortable sleep with the thoughts and sights of the battle in my head. My stomach felt deprived of food, like I hadn't eaten in a moon. I took two averagely-sized mice and padded back to the warriors den.

"Scorchshade!" I turned my head to see Ferretclaw and his apprentice, Troutpaw, standing about a fox-length away from me. "Isn't that like your third meal today? And it's only sunhigh." Ferretclaw asked. I froze and dropped the mice. It was true... But I was starved!

"Yes..." I admit, Troutpaw looks down and starts padding the grass. "You should see Mintleaf." He says. I nod. I would be a good idea.

What if something was wrong? My heart started to pound.

"Come on a patrol with us, first." I shook my head. I was tried, I mean, it was hard to get from my den, get some fresh-kill and back without practically panting. Ferretclaw huffed and stalked away, muttering to himself, while Troutpaw gave me a crooked smile and trailed behind his mentor.

I put my one mouse back in the pile and took the other with me to Mintleaf's den. As I padded across the clearing, the sun began to beat down on my darkly-colored fur. I felt like I was burning up in the sun. The shade of Mintleaf's den called for me, by I felt like I was millions of fox-lengths away. My vision began to get blurry... I was...

I blinked, I was standing by my den. I had imagined it? I really don't know... I began to speedily walk towards the small cave.

Lucky, it wasn't hard to get there and when I did get there, I say Mintleaf's pokey fur crouching over next to another smaller cat. They seemed talking. "M-Mintleaf?" She looked up and excused herself from who I then realized was. Oakfur, he was coughing weakly. He was an old one, and would pass away soon, very soon.

Mintleaf's greenish eyes looked at me, "Yes, dear?" She came to me, "I have been feeling.. Odd the past few days. I've been very, very hungry. Constantly, and it seems as if I cannot get enough sleep."

She nodded, as I lay down. My legs felt wobbly.

Chapter Eight

Narrated "POV"

As leaf-fall approaches, Foxcatchers waits, like watching prey, to demand Rowanstar to send his "testing cats", as the warrior thought of them, out to capture WindClans most needed cats. There was a Gathering, and WindClan accused Rowanstar for 'letting one of your warriors come crawling my Clan's my help'. Rowanstar hostilely attacked the subject, objecting that none of his fearless warriors would ever do that. At least, that's what Foxcatcher heard from Mottlecloud.

Then, ThunderClan got involved and asked why ShadowClan even attacked in the first place. It was a big mess. The clouds covered the moon and the Clans went back to their territory. Now, after another long, bitter moon went by, it was time for another Gathering.

Foxcatcher POV

I pad with my Clan, to my first Gathering. Scorchshade was next to me, her plump belly swaying back and forth. She'd been expecting kits for about a moon and a half, now. I can't believe she was expecting at such an early age, it was awkward for me too.

I thought of when I was made into my hideous name, or my warrior ceremony, thinking I was going to name a kit Footkit. The runt would be named that. Or the the most stupid-looking kit if there wasn't a runt. I looked up, Nightkit. Night is a dark, deceiving and something that captures oneself with its glittering stars. Perfect for a perfect kit.

"I wonder what WindClan is going to have to say for themselves... Thinking one of warriors would ***cross*** into ***their*** territory, and then ***beg*** for ***help***? That's past my mind.." Scorchshade shook her head in a confused way, "Must not have a large mind..." I muttered.

I heard the sound of a rushing river. We had come upon this part,

already... I pushed pass Ivytail, who was in front of me, and saw that I would have to leap from wet stone, to wet stone. Ivytail growled, but I ignored her as I crouched down to leap. I flew up in the air and landed on the rock. My claws scraped and slippery surface. I dug my claws in the surface, but I slipped and nearly half my body got drenched by the icy water. My claws ached and I heard an sassy voice meow, "Its not ***that*** hard." With and big effort, I dragged myself onto the small stepping stone. I shot a glare back at the tortoiseshell warrior and skipped to the next one.

I landed safely and hopped over to the edge. I groaned as I shivered again. My flank was wet. Was I really going to show up to my first Gathering all sopping? I shook my pelt my fur as the few cats crossed the river. I walked along with Ferretclaw and Mottlecloud. Scorchshade sprinted up to me, flinging water on me. I grunted as she came to my side, "Hoo, that was wet." She seemed very out of breath and and tired.

We came upon a log, used to cross into the small island were the Gathering would take place. Scorchshade pumped my legs and seemed to be very excited. We each crossed the fallen over log, one by one, slowly. It was cold and bumpy on my soft paw pads.

Reedstar POV

As we waited for ThunderClan and ShadowClan to arrive, I mingled with the WindClan medicine cat, Kestrelflight. He was elaborately explaining how this tabby tom, from ShadowClan, came to him. "He begged- basically forcing- me to treat him. I noticed he had some face-scratches. What a weakling!" I nodded and wondered why ThunderClan and ShadowClan were fighting.

"Reedstar," I heard a voice behind me, and turned to see a grey she-cat with fern green eyes and black-as-night whiskers. "Hello, Ashstar." I smiled, though she looked more serious. "I hope you have good time tonight." She padded away, I frowned. Odd one, she can be.

A series of cats can running in, all in shades of dark color, with the scent of pine trees and fresh scars. ShadowClan. I began making my way to the Great Oak.

Chapter Nine

A/N- Hi

Reedstar POV

All the leaders, including me, were on Great Oak. Bramblestar had just stepped forward, "Let the gathering begin!" He announced. "Here in ThunderClan, Cherryfall, one of our queens, has given birth to her kits, Frostkit and Glowkit. They are strong and heathy kits." He smiles to the crowd and steps back. I wondered why he didn't mention anything about ShadowClan supposed attack against them. Actually, it was wise not to, it might start another battle with their touchy enemy.

Ashstar lifted her chin, as it was down on her chest, "Kestrelflight complains still that one of your warriors-" she shot a deadly glare at Rowanstar "- came pleading for help. I will not get into detail what that cat looked like, because his or her features were unclear. Rowanstar, you must own up to your choices, if your Clan is too weak to support your warriors, then it's not our problem."

My heart was pounding in my chest. Ashstar's blowout was not planned, she was not thinking that her words might determined a lot for WindClan. Rowanstar calmly stared at her. "I was not involved in this act. If one of warriors did ask for your help, it is not because of my Clan is in desperate need. I am sorry."

The grey leader next to me faulted, then nodded. I hoped all this drama was over, because leaf-bare is on its way, and the last thing I wanted to add to the list of things to fret over the snowy period, was other Clans.

Rowanstar broke the silence with his report, "In ShadowClan, not too much has happened. Snowbirds kits are almost ready to be apprenticed. Though we still morn over the mysterious death of Crowfrost, ShadowClan carriers out the duties we have to." I thought it was bit of a.. Different.. Report on what his Clan. I

cleared my thoughts and recalled the outlines of what my speech was going to be like.

"RiverClan is doing well. The river seems to be freezing slower than usual, and other prey still rummages for food. Although, Willowshine has caught whitecough, but she says it will fade." I nodded briefly as a signal I was finished, and picked out a dark grey tabby tom- Fishpaw. Willowshine's apprentice. He had grown up to be a loyal, yet quiet, son. He does not forgive easily, and I learned first impression was everything to him. His greenish eyes found mine, but he looked away. Rushtail was next to him. Her almost-golden flank glistened and her beautiful long tail wrapped and warmed her most delicate and fragile paws.

The cats below me started to chatter, and I heard a thump as Ashstar found the ground. ***I hope she is well***, I think and follow her paw steps down to the fresh grass and weeds below. I check the darkened sky; no clouds in sight. Last moon had been different, ThunderClan, WindClan and ShadowClan had clashed and everyone went home.

"Reedstar," a familiar trembled voice murmured. I smelled Ashstar and turned to see her eyes darting around, "Yes, Ashstar? What is it?" I tried to sooth the skittish leader. She did not seem as confident in herself as she did when she was speaking.

"There is more to Kestrelflight's story than his complaints." *More drama on Kestrelflight's possibly made-up story? **So** surprising,* I think as Ashstar pulls me away from the rest of the Gathering to the side of the Great Oak.

The greyish leader continued with trembly tone, "K-Kestrelflight.. He said that received a.. Um-" she looked away. *Ashstar is a mess*, I can't help thinking. Her eyes glimmered with fear and anxious feelings. She was stuttering and seeming to coward now under the buzzing of the mass of four Clans. Before the Gathering she seemed... All right, but just... "Prophecy..." I resumed into the conversation.

A few moments passed of me just letting that word sink in... *Prophecy... Prophecy... Like.... Prophecy..* Then, I realized that

Ashstar- a leader from a different Clan was sharing this information with me- a different Clan leader.

This left me in wonder. I could manage to lift my tongue and say, "Oh." Ashstar was looking uncomfortable, like I hadn't asked her something she knew I wanted to ask. "Why do you tell me this?" Ashstar stares at me with her big green-speckled eyes.

"Because I need help."

Chapter ten

Cinderpelt's Note: Yay! Double digits! And it only took us, like, 4 months! Yay! This will be a special chapy!!! (Hopefully, lols 😸)

Foxcatcher POV

I trotted back to the green pines, the cats around me heated my flank. I still pondered the idea of my testing cats. I have already picked out Troutpaw to be on my list of cats. Maybe Dawnpelt, too. She was annoying and bossy with a gossipy personality. Who cared if she got hurt? Maybe her half-clan dead mother!

Who else? Ivytail? No, she too... Too... I found myself searching for the right word or description. I was left in a frustrated huff and looked up, to where the small boulders and rocks to where the long grass grew.

I step my paw on a rock and dashed over to next, then onto a small ledge. I could see over to my camp, where the Leader's Perch stood, tall and looming. Scorchshade padded up next to me, "...and the third one could-" she rambled, "We're you talking? I didn't realize." I said with a little monotone. She looked at me, expressionless then turned with a sad- or was it disappointed- face and continued on.

*Does she actually get now that I **don't** love her?* My mind asked. I took another step and continued on to Rowanstar's den. I dipped my head in and pushed it pass the lichen. The humid den was empty.

"Ahem?" My legs stiffened and I whipped around to, unsurprising, see a ginger-golden tom. Those dead green eyes that lurked behind the pupils were all too mischievous when he turned to me. "Do you.. Need something?" He tilted his head to a slight angle. His tail caught my eye, as the end tip flicked back and fourth with annoyance.

"Let's chat in here," I murmur and step aside, so chivalrously, to let the ShadowClan leader pass. I pause and watch as a grey tail and

paws wobble into the nursery. I smirk- just think how easy it will be to kill her once she's got kits on her paws. Just think...

"Foxcatcher!" I turn to see the frailing elder waiting for me. I march in and plop down, then blurt out, "Troutpaw, Dawnpelt and Pinenose." I could see nervousness in his eyes, as I needed him to send out his own daughter, most likely to die. Along, of course, with an apprentice- one who was not fully grown. And then, there was Pinenose. She was, I believe, an older warrior and Rowanstar would not like to send out an "almost-elder".

I chose Pinenose, for the opposite reason all cats were taught not to. Because Pinenose was old. Plus, she was my previous mentor- she made me suffer her wrath and compliments. I'm glad that six- well, maybe seven- moons of my life is *over*.

"Oh..." Rowanstar started, "Your testing cats, right.. Foxcatcher, I was thinking, actually, since ***I'm*** the-"
"**NO!** You know the consequents of saying no to me!" The 'leader' was shaken and was crouched in the corner. I smiled and the pitiful sight at what some a call a cat. Instantly, I felt a fury of claws swipe my ears and push me to the ground.

A dripping tom towered over me. "You TRADER, I'll never forgive or trust you in the depths over every life being! Your a foul badger with a mind of killing!"
"Ha! What does that make you? A Dark Forest legend with the comand of death with the flick of your tail!? Your the one making me do this!"
"I never agitated you! You, Fox-heart! That's what you are! A nasty, no-good, trader of one, *fox-heart*!"

I swiped ugly face and clawed his scarred stomach, while he ripped at my shoulder. Pain and vengeance pulsed through me as I was torn away from him. I rushed my already-unsheathed claws into the nearest life form. I opened my eyes, seeing a brown lined pelt. Then, following the stomach up to the neck then to head, I saw widely opened eyes with shock. Sparrowflight's stood in astonishment, almost, as I slowly released my claws.

"Foxcatcher! Rowanstar! What Scourge follower has gotten into

you!" I chuckled at the little remark, seeing captivating green eyes- wild and young. "Fhhockscageha.." Gurgled the leader, I snapped my head to him as a warning not to say *anything* about our little.. Secret.

"Sparrowflight!" Cried a familiar shirking voice. Mintleaf tumbled in, first looking at the other warrior, mumbling a few encouraging words, then turning to me and meowing, "Your poor shoulder, what happened-"
"Shut up and go help some dead mice!" She took a step back in a hurtful way and looked at Rowanstar, who was laying on his side, as if not to let the grass touch his minor wounds on his stomach. "Ibytahl, foxcagur.. Serrophet.. You an, goh." The leader said, and we all busted our way out of the muggy den.

"Foxcatcher, you shoulder." A smooth and nearly monotone voice spoke. The medicine apprentice, Mottlecloud tilted his head for me to enter the den. A set of rocks lead down to a cave, merely lit by small patches where the grass and rock had been worn, and there was a slight hole in the ceiling.

The sides of the cave were lined with healing materials, consisting of leaves and berry, seeds and stems, weeds and pulp on large leaves. On the other side to my left, were three moss and leaf beds. "You can wait in of those," Mottlecloud made a gesture with his tail to beds. I padded over to the most soft looking one, circled around in it for a moment, just to feel how wide, long, squishy and angle it was at.

Mottlecloud took a leaf of something and carefully walked over to where I was. "Poppy seeds- they'll make you sleep. You'll wake close to tomorrow's sunup." I nod and lick up the hard black seeds.

I become very warm, and quiet. I don't know how long it was till I few asleep- as you can never tell- but the last thing I do remember hearing, is Ivytails voice.

Chapter Eleven

Cinderpelts Note: oooooh dat plot twist, enjoy chapy 11!

Foxcatcher's POV

I groan as light streams into my sight. The light was dull, but still seemed strong. I smelled Sparrowpelt next to me, and I turned to see his brownish body. I could barely make out the faint scars of my claws on his side. I couldn't resist a smile.

I pushed myself to my paws, stretched my front legs and arched my back, then shock and the grains of moss of my pelt. As I walked up towards the entrance, my legs ached bad. I could feel every muscle in my forelegs, pulling up then fading out as it went to my side.

I bounced and leaped by the parkour, till I reached the matted grass at the top. The daylight still burnt the backs of where my eyes lay in my head. A grey figure stood at the corner of my vision- this time not being my black-chested 'mate'- but it was my true, Shrewfoot.

She set her moss down, dismissed Troutpaw and Ferretclaw, and came over to me. "Hello," I mew, "Have you healed?" She asks, I remember my shoulder, and, if I lied, I would get out of hunting and patrols, but I'd bet locked up inside of camp. I had a plan to carry on, so I said, "Yes," so simply. "What happened, in Rowanstar's den, I mean? You hurt him, I know you did." She stated, dignified.

"No, you were no witness!" I hissed back, "Well then what happened? If you were in there then you saw!" She fought back. It was true. I hesitated for a moment, then realized the obvious story- not a badger or another bird, as there would be scents of those, but the fact that Rowanstar is purely mad. "He's gone insane. He attacked me, so I defended. Nothing you and I weren't taught to do." She stared at me, I couldn't tell if she thought I was crazy or not.

"I believe you've mixed your stories." She said plainly, taking a step

closer, "Your sick- a sick and crazed cat- and you know it, I don't know what your plans are, but whatever it is, we'll make sure it doesn't happen."

"'We'll'?" I ask, wonder if other cats thought I had evil and villainy plans. If so, they need to not. "I should have never asked *you* for facts, you disgusting rat-poop." I couldn't bare not a break out in a laugh, "**RAT-POOP**? Haven't heard that one yet!" She squinted at me, picked her moss, backed up, then padded away with a twitching tail .

Starlingwing was staring at me, "What?" His green eyes seemed blank, and offended. "Your kits are being borne, mouse-brain." *Kits?* I think, *oh yeah, Scorchshade.* The warrior turns and walks towards the bush, or the nursery.

I pursue his tail, pushing aside a Snowbird and Tigerheart- two elderly cats interested in new birth. A grey pelt lay on a moss bed, with Mintleaf standing over her, delivering the last of four kits. "Fox..cagur.." Her voice was shaky, but happy. "What should we name them?"

I peer over the five little scraps, seeing a darkish one, two whitish ones and a gingery pelt and another tiny white pelt. I remember the last Gathering, me looking up at stars... *The night is mysterious and deceiving, the perfect name for the perfect kit...* I remember my thoughts and meow, "Nightkit." Scorchshade smiles,
"The opposite of day, I like it. And how about *Elmkit*, for this next one?"
"Thats something new," I say, and she acknowledged that I, shall we say, didn't hate that name. "The next one's a she-kit." Mintleaf's voice meowed. Her spiky fur crowed everyone to the edge of the den, so it was hard to see the few middle kits. "May I suggest a name?" I recognized that voice as Mottleclouds.

"Sure," my grey mate mewed. The medicine apprentice cleared his throat, "Maybe *Pool*kit? From my sister, Poolkit. She died the night of her birth..." I recalled a small scrap of fur, in Mottleclouds litter, and his mother mourning for the tiny runt for a moon or so. I never got to see this 'Poolkit', but I assumed Mottlecloud still held her in his heart, though he never actually got to meet her.

"That's a lovely name for her- and a deserved dedication," Scorchshade said,
"and for the last two?" I thought for a moment, thinking of things I liked about kits. Kits were gross, and 'our' kits seemed like tiny little red ants, crawling and wriggling around, "Antkit," I blurt out.
"Oh, okay."
"And Footkit," I smile, flicking my tail as my tail at the last, pitiful thing-of-a-kit. "Footkit? Oh, for Blackstar," my mate says, and I couldn't help a giggle.

Chapter Twelve

Cinderpelt's Note: How much chapys should there been in this book? Maybe 15 or 20ish? Till the first part is complete I guess... 😹

Foxcatchers POV

I find the eldering old tom at the base of den, sitting upright with the other half of his body slunk out. His eyes are closed, and his chest purring. Those eyes shoot open at the drafty scent of me, and his slit-eye pupils watch me like I'm an imposter, or very sinister with unpredictable moves- in which might be.

"Yes, Foxcatcher?" Says he. I can sense his fear and nearly outbursting rage as he continues to spectate me coming closer. I lean into his alert ears, and whisper in a breathy way, "*Troutpaw, Dawnpelt and Pinenose."* I assume he acknowledges that I meant my testing cats, and with the 'interruption' we had last time, now was my chance to command the duty [lol] to be done.

"Hmmph.." I sense the dread of this coming day, and the tiredness for the nightmare to 'over with- but, alas, this 'mare will come till the six skies of disturbance, being, freeness, unusualness, gruesomeness, and at last, the centre of all stars, fall into the depth of dreariness and void, to the ruler, the master, the dictator, of all.

"Meet me at the half-bridge at moonhigh, with them. I want them to be free of information and clues. Understood, idiot?" His face coward up at me, with disgust, and of course, as I had mentioned earlier, frailing. He spit his saliva immaturely at me, and meowed, "*fine.*" I chuckled and proceed away.

Remembering Nightkit, and those other kits, I trot towards the nursery. Scorchshade is chatting with the other queens, Snowbird and Darkstep. Snowbirds kits- Frostkit, Mumblekit, Shallowkit and my favorite and clearly most useful in this process of plans, **Maplekit**- were out of the den and tumbling 'round or something.

Darksteps belly was seeming going break if her kits she was expecting did not give birth soon. The dark toned she-cat had been expecting for at least two moons.

"Foxcatcher.." I hear my queens voice says in, not quite dread, yet not quite gleefulness either. Like to tired or let down or blue way. Her green eyes peered at me plainly, and I wonder if she regrets having kits.

"*Nightkit,"* I say sharply, "come with me, I'll teach you some fighting moves," the little ball of black dust came pounding over to where I held my head high. His sunny eyes stared up at me, like I was a leader of the Dark Forest- or some grand region.

His tail pushed back and forth, and I won't go into such detail to explain this, but, I found Nightkit to be a fast-paced leaner and extraordinarily intelligent. The lad learnt to battle moves, the 'pull-back pounce' where one shoots himself at his target, and the 'tackle over' the name explains the motion.

Through the lesson, one of Nightkits piers, Maplekit (as I mentioned earlier, she was majorly important and excessive to my plans), came over to join us. This made me think, not higher of her, but as a more.. Want to knowledge.

After I'd done this, I proceeded to recognize that my stomach ached for a squirrel or a shrew. I'd also recognized that I hadn't hunted all day. Knowing Maplekit and he eagerness to learn, I pull her to the side and offer to take her out hunting.

"But- but I'm a kit. I can't go out, mouse-brain!" She chuckles and moves off my eyes. "What if you where an apprentice?" This I'd not planned to say, but since I had a paw in power in this Clan, I thought it wouldn't be hard to grant her to apprenticeship.

"Really! Now her eyes where glinting with excitement and want. She begged for me to do this, so I say, "Come along, then." And I take a few steps towards the exit of camp. "I thought I'd become an apprentice..?" I sigh, she just doesn't know.

"*Come on*, do you want to be a loser and not take this opportunity?"

Her mouth cracks open in offense, and carries on by my side. We almost manage to slip away, when a dappled pelt comes in view.

"What are you doing?" My heart starts to pound, and I turn to see the mystical eyes of Ivytail.

Mwahahahahahaha left you with a cliffy!

Chapter Foreteen

I skipped 13. You probably didn't notice.

Ivytail's POV

I dare not blink as I starred into the yellow depths of his eyes. He stared back at me with pupils like Scourges claws. Everything else became almost blurred around his eyes, as I was sent into what felt like a dreamy trans. I forget to think, and just let every second of this crisp away. All of it slides by, floating by in a river.

An icy burn behind my eyes begins to waver, and my eyes begin to feel like wind is blowing harshly on them. I blink, not on mind command, but on irresistible instinct.

A sharp whisper proceeds from his mouth, "Meet me at half-bridge, moonhigh." Then he trots off with the ball of black and white fur trailing unsuspectedly behind. I shutter, fore I'd heard rumblings about Foxcatcher plotting some mischievous plans. Of course, nothing confirmed. Except, all my mind is able to trail these rumors back to is when the young warrior had attaked Rowanstar- our proud leader.

Waking up from my head, I see I'm staring at the pines outside our camp. Jerking my head aside, I think, *do I tell Rowanstar..? He would want to go after Foxcatcher and Maplekit... If I told him, whatever Foxcatcher is doing would come to an end- but- what is he doing? Hunting? Why with a kit? And what did 'meet me at half-bridge, moonhigh' mean? Meet him at half-bridge.. At moonhigh?*

These thoughts clouded my mind and I decided to forget it all, and go out on a patrol with Troutpaw and Starlingwing.

After we set out for the RiverClan-ShadowClan border line, the three of us trekked quickly by. Troutpaw didn't speak much, but I

could sense the anger from him to become a warrior already. He'd been an apprentice for quite some time, and I guessed Rowanstar was just waiting for him to do something.. Heroic? Worthy? Something to prove himself. Starlingwing was more alert, and I was happy he kept his chattery mouth shut and his eyes focused.

When we were nearing the ShadowClan camp, I decided to hunt. Not necessarily for prey, but for Foxcatcher and Maplekit. I knew they probably weren't hunting- which is what scared me. What business could Foxcatcher have with a *kit*.

But, most everyone in ShadowClan knew that Maplekit wasn't the average kit. She had a way 'bout her days that separated her from Frostkit and Mumblekit and Shallowkit, and all of Foxcatchers. The thought of those four hurt me, but the thought of the look on Scorchshade's face made me think he (Foxcatcher) didn't love her much as I had thought.

As I absently padded along the uneven rows of pines, I caught a brief scent of Maplekit. Scanning the ground for the little furball, I found no trace of her. *Maybe Foxcatcher took her back*, I thought. With this, I pondered the idea of going back to camp, and proceeded so.

As I entered camp, I noted that there was no scent of Maplekit on the steps up to the clearing, but a particularly fresh one of the red warrior. The thought of Foxcatcher leave a helpless, though maybe special, kit in the pines by herself, was deathifying to both of us.

I thought on this, while sharing tongues with Dawnpelt- my previous apprentice. I knew quite a few cats didn't like her, because she was so chatty and sassy. She's stubborn, so she try's and try's again, and she speaks her opinion, which makes her honest. Of course, you can annoy and hurt ones feeling and ideas with those traits. She just has to know how such way, in a mature way, to use them.

Of course, Dawnpelt seemed to forbid to think with all the mouth moving she did. I tried to listen, about the robin she caught and

how it was unlikely at this moon, and how she wondered were Maplekit was.

This lead me to believe that Snowbird had told Rowanstar, who had made it public. Without the little curious kit trolling around, asking questions about when cats started sharing tongues, and why the sky was bleu and what made leaves green. She also pulled elaborate tricks and stunts. Like when she walked across a stick, that been laying on the camp ground.

Her mind was just filled to the top with questions and logic. That's why we (ShadowClan) had proceeded her as a bit special. I certainly hate to use the word *special* for one, specific kit. Dawnpelt explained that Rowanstar had sent patrols to search for her, and that two patrols (sent at different times) would search the edges of our territory at night for her.

"A kit lost is like a warrior lost. Everyone should pray, everyone should search, and everyone should cherish each other even more," I said.

Chapter Fifteen

Ivytail's POV

I woke up to a commotion. Rowanstar was shouting orders, apprentices were running all over the place, Snowbird was emitting her fear scent all through camp, and a rustling wind vented past camp.

Shrewfoot yelled, "Everyone wake up, Rowanstar's ordering battle patrols, get up and follow me!" I yawn as the words slowly dawn on me. I stand on my shaky legs and try to find out what is going on.

"By my whiskers," I say to the deputy, "what in the name of StarClan is going on?" Her fast trotting pace keeps me on my toes as we meet Rowanstar at his perch. A tinge of embarrassment comes over me that my fur was all messy in front of my leader.

"Dewsky, Troutpaw, Mintfur, and me are in the first patrol, Kinkfur, Ivytail and Pinenose, you're in the second. Shrewfoot, keep everyone calm and safe here- you know what to do. Now line upon your patrols, we're attacking RiverClan to get Maplekit back!"

I rushed over to the warriors I was with, and repeated those words in my mind, *we're attacking RicerClan to get back Maplekit.* Get **back.** They had he cruel heart to *steal* a *kit*? Last days events came back to me, and I realized Foxcatcher might have put her over there for the RiverClan cats to find. Did he come back with another story?

Focus, I thought as we speedily and somewhat silently ran through the forest. My heart was pounding and my breath escaping in low, hard gasps. Why were we fighting back so many Clans? ThunderClan we seemed to battle because one of their warriors chased prey over to our borders? It was kittish for the warrior to do

that, but it was more kittish to fight over it.

Why couldn't we just talk to RiverClan? They wouldn't torture the poor kit. No one would, that knew of.

We slowed as we moved onto the weird, unfamiliar ground of the green-leaf twoleg place. It was oddly scented with the fishy scent of RiverClan and their, I suppose now, evil nature.

"This place is so.." Kinkfur trailed off quietly. Her eyes were on the territory ahead of us, but her head face at a slight angle towards me. I nod, in agreement of her incomplete statement.

As we traveled deeper in RiverClan territory, the swampier the grass got, and the more wet our pristine paws became. This was the last thing needed after being very flustered and ungroomed.

Somehow, we reached their camp with only a hunter finding us by our scent trail, and leading us back to his camp. He walked us pass a small river, which got my heart racing, and we hopped over the small, glazed steppingstones. This got my wet paws, wetter.

Rowanstar instructed us to not attack. I wasn't sure if we were going to reach their camp, then battle it out, or what. Rowanstar was smart, and he couldn't exactly tell us what we were going to do with the chivalrous oak-furred warrior right beside him.

I did not recognize him, and he seemed of a slightly older age, maybe 20 or 25 moons. He had sunny eyes, that were tinted with a slight grass-green color. I noted a scar on his left shoulder, I wasn't sure from what.

We soon came to a line of semi leaved bushes that were- at the entrance- covered in reeds. It seemed like they were trying to build up the walls to keep out incoming coldness. The tom lead us through the tunnel and to a large dozing black tomcat- Reedstar.

He perked up and immediately began wetting his lead with his forepaw- something I wish I could do right now.

"Yes, Podstripe?" The leader said, fully aware of all the seven cats in his camp. I peered around, and saw some apprentices were staring

at us, or more like disgustedly glaring at us, with piercing blue eyes. I scolded them, and they continued to glower at us.

Turning back, I see the warrior, Podstripe, presumedly hissing at Rowanstar.

"ShadowClan, attack!"

And here's a good cliffy! Sorry it's a bit short, but I wanted to end it here. Back to school, 😓 enjoy the rest on your week, and I'll try to update this more!

~🤍🐞 cia